



Elaine's Star

On her first workday at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Elaine wore her vintage full-length mink coat. Her lips red, hair bright blonde, she liked the company art kept. After her husband was killed early one morning while riding his bike in Central Park, she sewed stars and other ornaments. Sold them retail. Tim didn't know any of this; he was drawn to the way Elaine looked that first day. As friends, they'd share a drink at the local bar or go to her Upper East Side apartment and drink too much wine. Those nights he'd ride the subway home to Bay Ridge, asleep on the train. This gold star is one of the only gifts Tim received from Elaine. She didn't tell her friends—not even Tim—that she married again. Her new husband was a handsome man from Honduras who probably needed a green card. He stabbed and beat her to death when she asked him to leave.